CARTOON NETWORK®

#46 MAY '01

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SCOOBY-DOO!™

SLOWLY, THE CLAMMY, SCALY HAND REACHED FOR HIS NEXT VICTIMS...

"...THE GRIM REAPER STALKED HIM THROUGH THE GOTHIC MANSION..."

I'M COMING TO GET YOU! YOU WON'T GET AWAY!

"...THE BRINGER OF DEATH TORE THROUGH THE GREAT DOOR TO REACH HIS PREY..."

SHAGGY, COULD YOU STOP READING NOW...

...YOU'RE SCARING SCOOBY.

BESIDES, I THINK WE'RE ALMOST THERE. WE'VE JUST GOT ONE MORE *CLUE* TO SOLVE!

DAPHNE'S RIGHT. WE'VE BEEN DRIVING AROUND ALL DAY, SOLVING THE CLUES THAT FORM THIS WEIRD *MAP*. LET'S GET ON WITH IT.

"AS HIGH AS THE HEAVENS AND AS BROAD AS THE ARK. I'M NOT SO *PEARLY*, BUT RATHER *DARK*."

PEARLY...PEARLY... LIKE, COULD THAT MEAN *TEETH*?

PEARLY AS IN *GATES*, SHAGGY!

THIS MUST BE IT!

=ULP= G-GOOD FOR US. CAN WE GO H-HOME NOW?

GHOST WRITER

DAN ABNETT-writer JOE STATON-pencils
DAVE HUNT-inks JENNA GARCIA-letterer
PAUL BECTON-colorist
HARVEY RICHARDS-asst. editor
JOAN HILTY-editor

WELCOME ALL! I'M *STEVE KINGMAN.*

WOW! LIKE, THE FAMOUS HORROR WRITER?

SORRY TO HAVE SENT YOU ON SUCH A WILD CHASE, BUT I CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL...

...IF ANYONE KNEW WHERE THIS HOUSE WAS, THE *MEDIA* WOULD BE ALL OVER IT...NOT TO MENTION *STALKERS!*

WE UNDERSTAND, MR. KINGMAN. THIS HALL IS MAGNIFICENT!

I'VE BEEN WRITING GHOST STORIES ALL MY LIFE, BUT NOW ONE OF MY GHOSTS HAS COME BACK TO *HAUNT* ME. YOU CAN SEE I NEED YOUR *HELP.*

WHICH GHOST IS IT THAT'S GIVING YOU THE TROUBLE, MR. KINGMAN?

THAT'S JUST IT -- I *DON'T KNOW!* I HAVEN'T SEEN IT, BUT IT MAKES THE MOST AWFUL NOISES AND MOVES THINGS AROUND IN THE HOUSE.

THIS IS MY *STUDY* -- THE ONLY ROOM WHERE I FEEL *SAFE* ANYMORE.

DON'T WORRY, MR. KINGMAN. WE'LL SOON SOLVE THIS LITTLE MYSTERY.

IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US, MR. KINGMAN, IT'S TIME WE HEADED OFF TO THE LIBRARY AND STARTED OUR RESEARCH.

AND I SHOULD REALLY GO BACK TO THE STUDY AND GET ON WITH MY OWN WORK. GOOD LUCK!

MR. KINGMAN MUST KEEP COPIES OF ALL HIS BOOKS HERE. LET'S SEE IF WE CAN FIND SOME CLUES IN THEM.

LIKE, I LOVE HIS GHOST STORIES. I COULD READ THEM ALL NIGHT!

YOU, SHAGGY?

"THE BEAST, BY STEVE KINGMAN."

"THE HUGE, HAIRY MONSTER SILENTLY CLOSED IN ON HIS PREY."

THAT'S NOT IT. MR. KINGMAN SAID HIS GHOST MADE *NOISES.*

MUCH LATER...

WE'VE GONE THROUGH SIX BOOKS AND THERE ARE STILL NO CLUES.

O-ONLY SIX SCARY MONSTERS!

REAH! REAL RARY!

LIKE, I NEED SOMETHING TO EAT, SCOOB. THEY CAN MANAGE WITHOUT ME FOR A WHILE.

REAH, RE ROO!

RUSTLE RUSTLE

LIKE, DID YOU HEAR THAT, SCOOB?

RIKES, RAGGY! RHIDE!

YIKES! LIKE, IT'S THE *GRIM REAPER* FROM MY BOOK!

RHOOAR!

LIKE, LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

RUN, RAGGY!

I'M COMING TO GET YOU! YOU WON'T GET AWAY!

LIKE, *FASTER*, SCOOB!

WHAT IS IT, SHAGGY? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

L-LIKE, G-GHOST!

R-REAH, R-RHOST!

LIKE, IT WAS *HUGE* AND IT HAD A *BIG AXE* AND IT CAME *THROUGH THE WALL* IN THE DINING ROOM!

NOW SHAGGY, YOU REALLY SAW IT MOVE THROUGH THE WALL?

WELL... LIKE, IT APPEARED FROM BEHIND ONE OF THOSE *TAPESTRY* THINGS.

THAT'S IT! THE TAPESTRIES WERE IN THE DINING ROOM, AND THERE WERE FLAGS HANGING IN THE HALL...

THERE MUST BE SECRET PASSAGES LINKING THE ROOMS OF THE HOUSE!

SO THERE MUST BE A SECRET PASSAGEWAY IN THIS TOO!

OVER HERE! I'VE FOUND IT!

LIKE, LOOKS SCARY!

RMELLS RARIER!

COME ON, GUYS, THIS IS WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR.

LET'S SPLIT UP.

SHAGGY, SCOOBY, YOU TAKE THE LEFT FORK. DAPHNE AND I WILL TAKE THE RIGHT.

AND I'LL HEAD BACK TO THE LIBRARY TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY BLUEPRINTS OF THIS MANSION...

...BUT THERE'S ONE OTHER THING I NEED TO CHECK FIRST.

JUST AS I THOUGHT...

THE GHOST WAS CARRYING ONE OF MR. KINGMAN'S ANTIQUE WEAPONS.

RHAT RAS RAT, RAGGY?

LIKE, I DON'T KNOW, SCOOB!

UH-OH... C'MON, CANDLE, PUH-LEEZ DON'T GO...

...OUT.

IT'S OKAY, SCOOB. LIKE, I LIT THE CANDLE AGAIN!

REAH, RAGGY, RUT, RHICH RAY?

DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING, FREDDY?

SWISH

LOOK! THERE'S SOMEONE DOWN THERE!

THIS WAY, SCOOBY!

RHOAR

RO! RHIS RAY!

YIKES

THAT SOUNDS LIKE SHAGGY! THEY MUST BE IN TROUBLE!

HURRY, FREDDY!

flump

krash

biff

KLINK KLINK

IS EVERYONE OKAY?

FINE

OKAY

REAH

LOOK, FELLAS! WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S BEEN HERE!

LIKE, IT'S DISAPPEARED.

YES, BUT WE SAW IT.

AND WE ALL HEARD IT.

LET'S REPORT BACK TO VELMA.

WELL, WE DIDN'T MANAGE TO CATCH THE GHOST, VELMA.

BUT IT'S THERE ALL RIGHT.

WELL, THERE IS ONE LAST THING WE CAN TRY...

...I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME WE VISITED MR. KINGMAN IN HIS *STUDY*.

KNOK KNOK KNOK

THERE'S NO ANSWER.

AND IT'S LOCKED.

I HOPE MR. KINGMAN'S ALL RIGHT!

KRASH

HE'S NOT HERE!

THERE'S A SECRET ENTRANCE IN THIS ROOM, TOO!

I WONDER WHERE MR. KINGMAN KEEPS HIS COMPUTER FOR WRITING HIS BOOKS?

OF COURSE! THE *TYPEWRITER!*...

HE ACTUALLY *USES* THE TYPEWRITER -- AND IT'S GOT HIS *NEXT STORY* IN IT! IT SAYS...

"THE KIDS AND THEIR SCREWY BLOODHOUND MET IN THE LIBRARY TO DISCUSS JUST WHO THE GHOST MIGHT BE..."

IT'S ABOUT *US!*

SSSSSSSHHH!

RUSTLE

YAHHH!

YAHHH!

KLANG

MR. KINGMAN!

YOU KIDS SCARED THE *LIVING DAYLIGHTS* OUT OF ME!

HOW DID YOU FIGURE IT OUT?

WHEN WE FOUND THE SECRET PASSAGEWAYS AND THE BLUEPRINTS, I REALIZED THAT YOU MUST KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM, TOO.

THEN I SAW THAT A *SCYTHE* WAS MISSING FROM YOUR WEAPONS DISPLAY. AND A REAL GHOST WOULDN'T CARRY A *REAL SCYTHE*.

BUT THAT STILL DIDN'T PROVE IT WAS ME.

YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO YOUR STUDY TO WORK, BUT WHEN WE CAME TO FIND YOU THERE WAS NO ONE HERE.

AND YOU LEFT THIS IN THE TYPEWRITER. IT SEEMS TO BE A STORY ABOUT *US*.

I'M SORRY I TRIED TO TRICK YOU.

I HAD TERRIBLE WRITER'S BLOCK, AND I NEEDED A GOOD IDEA FOR MY NEW BOOK...

WELL, NOW YOU HAVE YOUR IDEA.

IF YOU'LL LET ME USE IT.

OF COURSE, MR. KINGMAN, JUST AS LONG AS YOU SEND US ALL A COPY WHEN IT'S PRINTED.

SCOOB, LIKE, WE'RE GONNA BE IN ONE OF STEVE KINGMAN'S BOOKS!

ROOBY ROOBY ROO!

THE END

IT'LL BE GREAT TO HIT THE BEACH AFTER SPENDING SO MUCH TIME IN THAT SPOOKY *HAUNTED MINESHAFT*.

LIKE, SO LONG AS WE'RE NEAR A *SNACK STAND* I'LL BE HAPPY.

REAH, RE ROO!

AND I'LL GET TO TRY MY NEW *REMOTE-CONTROLLED MODEL AIRPLANE*.

YOU GOT THE DELUXE MODEL THAT *SKYWRITES*, TOO, RIGHT?

YEP. CAN'T WAIT TO FLY IT!

YAWN. BUT NOT TONIGHT, I'M *BUSHED*.

HEY, THERE'S A *MOTEL* UP AHEAD.

DINER

DELAPORE MOTOLODGE

PLENTY OF PARKING. MUST BE *OFF-SEASON*.

SUITS ME. I CAN JUST SETTLE INTO BED AND FINISH MY BOOK IN *PEACE* AND *QUIET*.

THE EX-VERMINATORS

BOB FINGERMAN- WRITER
DAN DECARLO- PENCILLER
MIKE DECARLO- INKER
RYAN CLINE- LETTERER
PAUL BECTON- COLORIST
HARVEY RICHARDS- ASST EDITOR
JOAN HILTY- EDITOR

HELLO, WEARY TRAVELERS, AND WELCOME TO THE *DELAPORE!* WE HAVE CABLE TV IN EVERY ROOM AND THERE'S A POOL OUT BACK...

ALL WE'RE LOOKING FOR IS COMFORTABLE *BEDS* TO SLEEP IN. WE'RE *EXHAUSTED!*

RESPECIALLY ME!

AND I'M *STARVING!*

REAH. RAT ROO!

WELL, HERE ARE THE KEYS.

NIGHTY-NIGHT, SLEEP TIGHT...

DON'T LET THE *BEDBUGS* BITE. HEH-HEH.

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LIKE, THAT MANAGER DUDE WAS *WEI D.*

YOU WORRY TOO MUCH.

YAWN. I'M TOO POOPED TO EVEN CHANGE TO MY PAJAMAS. I'M CALLING IT A NIGHT.

CLICK

SCRUGGLE-

GLOORP

GLUGGLE-

GROWL

BLUG-

GLUG-

GLURP

GLURD

BLUG-

GLUP

GLUP

GRRR

HEY, YOU *HEAR* THAT, SHAGGY?

HEAR *WHAT,* FREDSTER?

CLICK

GO *EAT* AND LET ME *REST!*

SLAM

COME ON, SCOOB, LET'S TIE ON THE FEEDBAG!

REAH!

MEANWHILE...

DID THE MANAGER SEEM A LITTLE...*SHAKY* TO YOU?

MAYBE WE WOKE HIM. IT *IS* KIND OF LATE.

LET'S GET SOME SHUT-EYE.

H.P. LOVECRAFT

RATS IN THE WALL

CLIK

SCRITCH

SCRITCH

SCRATCH...

SCRABBLE-SCRABBLE

SKITTER-SKITTER...

HEY, WHAT'RE THOSE AWFUL NOISES?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I DON'T LIKE THEM.

AUGH! LOOK, IT'S A *GIANT RAT!*

JINKIES, IT'S *ENORMOUS!*

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AH, *SALVATION* IN *SNACK FORM!* LET'S GET *BUSY!*

REAH, REAH! RET'S EAT!

LIKE, GOOD THING THIS MACHINE TAKES *BILLS*, 'CAUSE ALL I'VE GOT IS THIS *TWENTY!*

RE'LL REED REVERY CENT!

RZZZZZ

UH, *OKAAAAY*... LIKE, MAKE WITH THE *MUNCHIES*, MACHINE!

REAH!

C'MON, LIKE, COUGH UP THE *GOODIES*... *ZOINKS!*

THAT'S ONE *BIG BUG!*

WITH MY *TWENTY!*

RIKES!

LIKE, AFTER IT!

NO *CASH*, NO *CRUNCHY-MUNCHIES!*

CRASH

UNGH!

OOF!

RIKES!!

...AND THAT'S WHEN WE NOTICED THAT NOT ONLY WAS THERE A *GIANT RODENT* IN OUR ROOM, BUT OUR *PURSES* WERE MISSING, TOO!

YEAH, AND MY *TWENTY!*

OH NO, THEY'RE *BACK!*

THEY *WHO?*

SIGH THE DELAPORE USED TO BE A BUSY MOTEL, ALMOST ALWAYS FULL. VERY POPULAR WITH THE *KIDS* DURING SPRING BREAK...

THEN THEY CAME... THE *DEMON VERMIN!*

GIANT *BUGS, RATS, CENTIPEDES,* YOU NAME IT. THEY DROVE AWAY MY CUSTOMERS IN...DROVES, AND NO EXTERMINATOR WILL COME *NEAR* THIS PLACE!

BESIDES BEING REALLY *GROSS,* THEY'RE ALSO *THIEVES!* SOB

SEE THIS *HOLE? THEY* MADE IT! EVEN THE *SAFE* ISN'T *SAFE!*

WHAT'S A MOTEL *WITHOUT* PAYING GUESTS? ANSWER: *BROKE!*

THERE, THERE. WE'LL HELP YOU INVESTIGATE THIS.

G-GULP! W-WE WILL?

SURE. *PILFERING PESTS* IS AN ABNORMAL PROBLEM... MAYBE EVEN A *PARA-NORMAL* ONE!

ACTUALLY, NEST-BUILDING ANIMALS "*STEAL,*" IF YOU WILL, TO BUILD THEIR HOMES...

...BUT *THIS* IS *DIFFERENT!*

UM, LIKE, HAVE THERE BEEN ANY GIANT PEST SIGHTINGS IN THE *DINER* NEXT DOOR?

NOT MANY, NO. IT'S PRETTY QUIET OVER THERE.

DINER

1 2 3 4 6

EVEN SO, SCOOB AND I BETTER CHECK IT OUT.

THE KEY TO *ROOM SIX* IS MISSING. IS THERE ANOTHER GUEST?

YEAH. KENNETH CARPAL. NICE GUY.

HAS *THAT* GUEST HAD ANY PEST TROUBLE?

1 3 4 5 6

NOT YET, AND HE'S BEEN HERE FOR A WHILE.

IS HE...IS HE A...HOW DO I PUT THIS TACTFULLY?

IS HE A *SLOB?*

NO, NO. HE'S NEAT AS A PIN.

WITH THIS *MASTER KEY*, WE CAN GET INTO ALL OF THE ROOMS.

LET'S CHECK ROOMS *ONE* TO *FIVE*, THEN TALK TO MR. CARPAL IN *ROOM SIX*.

SOUNDS LIKE A PLAN.

LIKE, GOTTA INSPECT THE *FOOD*, TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NO VERMIN IN IT, RIGHT?

RABSOLUTELY!

LIKE, WANT A *SALAMI SANDWICH*, OL' CHUM?

OUR INVESTIGATION, LIKE, ALREADY BRINGS *MEATY REWARDS!*

ROH-BOY! YUM-YUM!

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SCRITCH SCRITCH SCRATCH...

YEP, THEY'RE IN THIS ONE.

SCRITCH SCRITCH SCRATCH...

AND IN HERE...

SCRITCH SCRITCH SCRATCH...

AND IN HERE, TOO.

KNOCK KNOCK

I DON'T NEED *HOUSEKEEPING*, THANK YOU.

NO, SIR, WE'RE NOT HOUSEKEEPING. WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU.

HOW CAN I HELP YOU? ISN'T IT A LITTLE LATE TO BE CALLING?

SORRY, SIR, BUT WE WERE WONDERING IF YOU'VE BEEN HEARING ANY *STRANGE NOISES* DURING YOUR STAY HERE?

OR IF YOU'VE SEEN ANY... *UNSAVORY* CRITTERS RUNNING AROUND.

NOPE, THE ONLY UNSAVORY CRITTERS I'VE SEEN ARE THE ONES IN THE *VIDEOGAMES* I'VE BEEN PLAYING.

NOPE.

SO, NO MICE, RATS, SILVERFISH, WHATEVER?

SORRY TO DISTURB YOUR GAME.

THAT'S WHY THEY INVENTED THE "PAUSE" BUTTON. GOOD NIGHT.

LET'S KEEP CHECKING ROOMS.

LET'S SEE WHAT LUCKY NUMBER *SEVEN* HAS TO OFFER...

YIPES!

EEEK!

UNLUCKY NUMBER SEVEN!

MY *WATCH* IS GONE!

AND MY *EARRINGS* AND *NECKLACE!*

AND MY...

...ACTUALLY, I DIDN'T HAVE ANY MORE VALUABLES. NEVER MIND.

WELL-- BURP-- SCOOB, LET'S CHECK OUT WHAT'S IN THIS *WALK-IN FRIDGE!*

ROKAY! ROOD IDEA!

ZOINKS! LIKE, THE FRIDGE IS A *MAJOR BUMMER*, SCOOB!

RIKES!

MOMENTS LATER.

...AND THEY EVEN SNATCHED SCOOB'S *COLLAR!*

THAT'S *LOW.*

I'VE HEARD OF *PACK RATS*, BUT THIS IS *RIDICULOUS!*

OOH! AAH!

ZOINKSITY-ZOINKS!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR A NEW *DANCE STEP*, SHAGGY!

NOT DANCING! IN MY *HAIR! YIPES!*

YOU NASTY LITTLE SO-AND-SO, TAKE *THIS...*

BZZOWNT!

NO! WAIT!

I'VE HEARD OF *LIGHTNING BUGS...*

...BUT ONES THAT *SPARK* LIKE *THIS?*

THIS "BUG" SEEMS A LITTLE *FISHY* TO ME.

LET'S EXAMINE IT IN THE VAN'S *MINI-LAB*.

LIKE, WHAT KIND OF *BUG* SWARMS OUT OF A *FRIDGE* BUT LEAVES THE *FOOD UN-TOUCHED?*

THIS KIND OF BUG: AN *ELECTRONIC ONE!*

WHAT'S MORE, IT APPEARS TO HAVE A *RECEPTOR* FOR *REMOTE CONTROL* SIGNALS...

...WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA.

IF I CAN TWEAK ITS *FREQUENCY* TO RESPOND TO MY AIRPLANE'S *REMOTE CONTROL*, WE CAN SEND IT OFF TO ITS LAIR!

WHY WOULD WE WANT TO DO THAT?

IT'D BE FULL OF THOSE ICKY VERMIN!

AND POSSIBLY *OUR STUFF*.

EXACTLY.

AND SO...

THERE IT GOES! *FOLLOW IT*, SCOOBY!

RESSIR!

LIKE, THAT BUG'S RACING OFF LIKE IT'S IN A *NASCAR* EVENT!

GET IT, SCOOBY!

THUMP 2

ROUCH!

LIKE, THIS MUST BE THE PLACE!

LOOKS LIKE WE FOUND THE *MOTHER LODE*.

AND LOOK AT THE *ROBO-PESTS*, THEY'RE *STANDING AT ATTENTION!*

IT'S BECAUSE OF FREDDY'S *REMOTE*. THEY'RE OBEYING *HIM!*

HEY! FREDDY'S REMOTE REMINDS ME...

...MR. CARPAL'S *VIDEO GAME JOYPAD* DIDN'T HAVE ANY *CABLE!* IT WAS A *REMOTE*, TOO!

SO *HE'S* PROBABLY THE CULPRIT...BUT *WHY?*

LET'S GIVE HIM A LITTLE TASTE OF HIS OWN MEDICINE AND FIND OUT *WHY!*

VERMIN, HO!

LIKE, GET A LOAD OF *FIELD MARSHAL FREDDY* AND HIS *BUG BATTALION!*

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GAH! GET OFF ME! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THESE THINGS?

OBEY ME! OBEY YOUR MASTER!!! HELP!

HELP ME!

WHAT'S THE FREQUENCY, KENNETH?

I DON'T KNOW, I DON'T KNOW! THEY'RE NOT RESPONDING TO MY SIGNAL!

UH, I MEAN WHAT SIGNAL? HEH...

WHY'D YOU DO IT, MR. CARPAL?

YES, WHY?

I'M A MINIATURE GOLF COURSE ENGINEER, AND I BUILT THE CREATURES MYSELF.

I WAS SENT TO RUN THE MOTEL OUT OF BUSINESS SO MY BOSSES COULD BUILD A MINIATURE GOLF COURSE HERE.

I PROGRAMMED THEM TO STEAL SO I COULD PAD MY OWN POCKETS!

YOU WON'T GET BUGGED AT THE DELAPORE

HE WON'T BE A GUEST AT MY MOTEL ANY-MORE...

LIKE, YEAH, NOW HE'LL BE A GUEST AT THE STATE PEN!

HA HA HA HA HA HA

THE END

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"